



# Curious Katie

*Season 1*

Todd Borho



## Episode 1

Curious Katie: Hey mom, whatcha doin'?

Katie's Mom (slumped into sofa): I'm watching some funny propaganda on Tell-Lie-Vision.

Katie: Why are ya doing that?

Mom: Because I need to escape reality for a while, dear. I had a long day at work.

Katie: Why was it a long day?

Mom: Well, first of all, I had to work four hours just to pay a group of extortion-funded people who call themselves government. Then I worked another four hours so I could earn enough to help pay for food and shelter for you, your dad, and I.

Katie: Hmmm, that's weird.

Mom: It is weird, isn't it?

Katie: Why don't you just stop paying those people that call themselves government?

Mom: Well, dear, because if I don't, then some order-followers from that same group will come to our house and use violence to take our property. They might even throw mommy in a cage. You don't want me to be in a cage, now do you, dear?

Katie: Oh, no! No cage for you mommy! Hmmm, that's weird. Why are those people so mean?

Mom: Oh, they're not all mean, dear. Many of them are just misguided. They're under mind-control. They think what they're doing is good, but it's actually bad.

Katie: Wow, I don't like mind-control, then.

Mom: Neither do I, dear. How was your day at school?

Katie: Meh, not so good.

Mom: What did you learn?

Katie: I learned how to obey and be quiet.

Mom: Oh, dear. You didn't learn more than that?

Katie: Nope.

Mom: I'm sorry, dear. I wish I could teach you here at home.

Katie: Why can't you?

Mom: Well, I just don't have time, and neither does your father. We're too busy working.

Katie: So you can pay those crazy guys from government?

Mom: Yes, dear.

Katie: That doesn't make sense.

Mom: Good observation, dear. It doesn't make sense. Lots of things that people do don't make sense.

Katie: Mommy, what will happen if I don't go to school?

Mom: Oh, I'm not sure dear. Maybe some people from the government gang, called CPS, would come steal you from us.

Katie: Oh, no! That's even crazier! Why are those people so crazy?

Mom: I don't know. That's a good question.

Dad enters the house.

Mom: Welcome home, dear.

Katie (runs to give him a hug): Hi, daddy! How was work?

Dad: Boring, stressful, tedious, and way too long. How was your day?

Katie: The usual. Daddy, what's for dinner?

Dad: I dunno, let's talk to your mommy and see.

Mom: I thought we might have some GMO veggies and chemical-doused pasta.

Dad: Mmmm, that sounds like it'll help me continue my existence, but won't keep me healthy.

Katie: Mom, why can't we have organic veggies? They taste better.

Mom: I know, dear, but we can only afford that once in a while.

Katie: Maybe we could grow some veggies outside. Make a garden, ya know. How about that?

Dad: That's a great idea, dear, and I wish we could.

Katie: Why can't we?

Dad: Because if we grow veggies in the front yard, then someone that works in the authoritarian gang called government will come and destroy it. They might even steal money from us or throw us in a cage, too.

Katie: Oh no! I don't want that!

Mom: Neither do we, dear. So that's why we don't have a garden.

Later that night around 10pm, all three are getting ready to sleep.

Katie: Mommy, why do I have to sleep now? I'm not tired.

Mom: I know, dear, but you have to get up early to go to school. And you remember why you have to go to school, right?

Katie: Yeah, so those crazy people calling themselves government won't hurt us.

Mom: That's right, dear. And I've got to sleep now, too, so I can work half the day tomorrow to pay those same crazy people.

Katie: Mommy, I think that government is a bad idea.

Mom: I think so, too, dear. Goodnight.

## Episode 2

### Scene 1

Katie is at the forced indoctrination camp known as school, standing with her 3<sup>rd</sup> grade classmates as they recite the pledge of allegiance. Katie is not saying the pledge.

Teacher: Ok, class, take your seats. Katie, I noticed you weren't saying the pledge? Why not?

Katie: Cuz my mom and dad say I should pledge allegiance to the truth.

Teacher (flabbergasted): Well, Katie, ok.....Do you even know what allegiance means?

Katie: Yeah. Do you?

Teacher: Enough of that attitude, young lady.

Katie (shrugging): It was just a question.

Later that day on the playground.

Missy: Katie, why do you ask so many questions? You're gonna get in trouble.

Katie: Cuz my mom and dad say that asking questions is how to learn.

Missy: Well, just don't get the rest of us in trouble, ok?

Katie: If the teacher punishes us for me asking a question, that's not my fault.

Missy (sighs deeply): You're so weird.

### Scene 2

Katie is at home in the evening, talking with her mom on the couch. The Travel Channel is on in the background.

Mom: So, did you learn anything at school today?

Katie: No, not really.

Mom: I'm sorry, dear.

Katie (pointing at TV): What's that thing they're showing on TV, mom?

Mom: That's a pyramid.

Katie: Wow, that's cool. Where is it?

Mom: In a place called Egypt.

Katie: Can we go to Egypt?

Mom: Maybe sometime in the future, but not right now, dear.

Katie: Why not?

Mom: Well, the main reason is that you don't have a passport.

Katie: What's a passport?

Mom: It's an expensive little book that we're forced to buy so we can travel.

Katie: Oh, ok. Who forces us to buy that book?

Mom: Immoral people from the gang called government.

Katie (rolls eyes): Oh, sheesh. Those people again?

Mom: Yes, dear.

Katie: Those guys are crazy.

Mom: Most of them aren't crazy, dear. At least, not naturally. They're under mind control.

Katie: What's mind control?

Mom: Well, dear, it's kind of complicated. I guess the easiest way to explain it is when people believe things that are false to be true, and true things to be false.

Katie: Oh, kind of like my school teacher.

Mom: Why do you say that, dear?

Katie: Because she thinks we should be allegiant to a flag. Seems pretty silly to me.

Mom: Yes, dear. That's a good example of mind control. That's why it's important to ask questions, so you can know the truth and control your own mind. You understand?

Katie: Yeah, mom.

Mom: So I'm glad you ask so many questions.

Katie: So when can I get a passport so we can see those pyramids?

Mom: Oh, I don't know, dear. We'll need to save some money first.

Katie: I have an idea to make money.

Mom: You do? Great. Let's hear it.



Katie: Well, you know how I make the best cupcakes?

Mom: Yes, dear. Spectacular cupcakes.

Katie: I can sell lots of cupcakes and then get that passport.

Mom: Oh, that's a fine idea, dear, but I'm afraid we can't do that.

Dad walks in the front door.

Katie: Daddy's home!

Mom: Welcome home, dear. Katie was just talking about selling cupcakes.

Dad: You do make amazing cupcakes.

Katie: Yeah, but mom said we can't sell them. Why can't we, dad?

Dad: Well, you can, but it's not as easy as just finding people to buy the cupcakes.

Katie: Why not?

Dad: Because if you do that without getting different licenses and approvals from the individuals that work in the government gang, then you'll have problems.

Katie: Like what?

Dad: Well, the least that'll happen is they'll fine you.

Katie: What's a fine?

Dad: It's basically a sneaky form of theft. And if we don't pay them, then they'll put your mom and I in a cage.

Katie: Oh no! I don't want that!

Dad: Neither do we.

Katie: I have an even better idea.

Mom: Great! What's that?

Katie: Let's go live in a place where those crazy government people can't bother us.

Dad: That's a very good and noble idea, Katie, but as far as I know, the whole planet has government gangs.

Katie: Then let's go to a different planet.

Mom: Oh, that's a great idea, dear. I don't think we can do that right now.

Katie: Why not?

Dad (sighing and laughing): Oh, dear.

### Episode 3

Katie is sitting in her 3<sup>rd</sup> grade class, listening to her instructor drone on about climate change in “science” class. All of the children have tablets on their desks and are following along with the “lesson”.

Instructor: So as you can see in the picture, class, the poor polar bear is drowning.

Katie raises her hand.

Instructor: Yes, Katie?

Katie: Are you sure that polar bear is drowning? It looks like he’s swimming to me.

Instructor: The caption under the picture says that the bear is drowning, so it’s true. Besides, polar bears can’t swim!

Katie: But polar bears can swim. They’re great swimmers, actually!

Instructor: No, they’re not. Ok, moving on.

Katie raises her hand.

Instructor: Does anyone else have something to say?.....No, ok, moving on. Why are the polar bears drowning?

Katie’s friend Missy raises her hand.

Instructor: Yes, Missy? Do you know why?

Missy: Because their ice houses are melting.

Instructor: Yes, they’re called icebergs, that’s right. And why are the icebergs melting?

Katie: My mom and dad say that if the icebergs are melting that it’s the politicians and bureau rats fault because all they do is blow hot air.

Class giggles.

Instructor (shocked): What a terrible thing to say! And you mean bureaucrats, not bureau rats.

Katie: Nope. I’m certain, they say bureau rats.

Instructor: Ok, class, that’s all for today. For homework, I want you to talk with your parents and find out two things your family is doing to help stop climate change.

### Scene 2

Katie is sitting at the dinner table with her mom and dad.

Mom: Katie, dear, what did you learn at school today?

Katie: I learned that my teacher doesn't know much about polar bears.

Dad: Hmmm, ok. Is that it?

Katie: I have homework that I'm supposed to do with you guys.

Mom: What's that, dear?

Katie: I have to tell the class two things we're doing to stop climate change.

Mom and dad chuckle.

Dad: Well, we can't do much about that, really. The climate changes naturally over long periods of time. It goes in cycles.

Katie: So what am I gonna tell the class?

Mom: Well, dear, you could tell the class that we'll stuff a sock in Al Gore's mouth and that might help.

Everyone chuckles.

Mom: Just kidding, dear.

Dad: Katie, do you remember the garden we used to have?

Katie (excited): Of course! It was delicious and very pretty, too.

Dad: Well, plants are good for the environment, so I guess you could say that in class.

Katie: But we don't have the garden anymore.

Mom: That's right, dear. Someone from the violent cult of government came and forced us to stop gardening, because of something that some bureau rat wrote on a piece of paper.

Katie: Not them again! Those guys drive me nuts!

Dad: Us, too, Katie.

Mom: And Katie, do you remember that solar water heater we built?

Katie: Yeah, I had fun helping you guys.

Mom: Well, we had to quit using it and take it apart.

Katie: Why? Those crazy government people again?

Dad: That's right. They said it was against something called a "building code".

Katie: What's that?

Dad: It's another crazy idea that bureau rats write down on paper.

Katie (sighs): What a world.

Scene 3

The next day in Katie's class.....

Instructor: Katie, you're next.

Katie: We planted a garden and built a solar water heater.

Instructor: That's wonderful!

Katie: But then some crazy people that are in a cult called government made us stop. Why would they do that?

Instructor (cringing): Oh, dear.

Episode 4

Katie is having a fish dinner with her mom and dad.

Katie: Wow, this is so delicious! Is this ocean fish or river fish?

Mom: It's ocean fish, dear, but we bought it at the store.

Katie: We should go catch some fish in the ocean.

Dad: That's a great idea, Katie, but we can't anytime soon.

Katie: Awwww, why not?

Dad: Because we don't have a fishing permit.

Katie: What's a fishing permit?

Mom: It's an expensive piece of paper that you have to get to go fishing.

Katie: That's silly! Why do you have to get it?

Dad: Because, dear, if someone goes fishing without it, they might get robbed by someone from the government gang.

Mom: Or violently thrown in a cage!

Katie (rolling eyes): I wish those crazy government people would just get over it.

Dad: While we're on the subject of permits, that reminds me, I've got to get a permit to remodel the bathroom.

Katie: After you're done remodeling, can we flush that permit down the toilet?

All laugh.

Mom: The sewer is certainly a fitting place for that, dear, but we don't want to clog the toilet.

Dad: Yeah, we'll burn it instead.

Katie: And roast some marshmallows?!

Mom: Sure, dear. And that reminds me, I've got to make a run to the store.

Katie (excited): Yay! Can I come?

Mom: Of course, dear.

Scene 2

The next day, Katie and her mom are driving down a busy street on their way to the supermarket.

Katie: Uh-oh!

Mom: What uh-oh?

Katie points out window to a uniformed road pirate who is extorting a free human.

Mom: Oh, no, that poor man is getting robbed by that road pirate.

Katie: They're called order-followers, too. Right mom?

Mom: Right, dear. And do you know why they're called order-followers? Do you remember?

Katie (matter-of-factly): Because they don't follow conscience, they follow orders instead!

Mom: That's right, dear. I'm proud of you for knowing that.

A few minutes later and they're in the store. Katie's pushing the cart.

Katie: Mom, can we get some avocados?

Mom: Yes, dear. Not too many, though. They're really expensive.

Katie (puzzled): Why are they expensive? Aren't they grown near us?

Mom: That's a good question, dear. Because the government gang forces farmers to do things with their products that aren't necessarily good for local people.

They turn into a different aisle.

Katie: Mom?

Mom: Yes, dear?

Katie: I was thinking. Why don't we just quit government?

Mom: Oh, that's a fine idea, dear. I wish it were so simple. Maybe one day we will!

Katie: Mom, can we get some soda and pop tarts?

Mom: Now Katie, you've asked this before, and you know why not.

Katie: I know, I know. They have lots of stuff that isn't good for me. But they taste so good!

Mom: How about we get some organic dark chocolate instead?

Katie: Ok, but get a separate one for daddy. You know how he is.

Mom (chuckles): Yes, dear, I do.

A while later, Katie and her mom are in the check-out line.

Cashier: Do you have a customer loyalty rewards card?

Mom: No, I don't. (grin)

Katie: What's a customer reward card, mom?

Mom: It's a scam used to con people into giving up their private information.

Cashier gives stern, unconvinced look. Mom hands cash to cashier.

Katie: What is the information used for?

Mom: It's used by scientists, who work for the government gang, to control people, dear.

Katie (shaking head sadly): There's that darn gang again.

Cashier rolls eyes and gives change back.

Mom (to cashier): It's true!



Episode 5

Scene 1

Katie is at home, having dinner with her parents.

Kaite: Mom, dad, I have some news.

Mom: What's that, dear?

Katie: Tomorrow is career day at school, I mean, uh, indoctrination center. Everyone is supposed to have one of their parents talk about their job.

Dad: That's nice, Katie. I'll probably go, since I know your mom has some big projects to work on tomorrow. Are you excited?

Katie: Honest?

Dad: Of course.

Katie: Not really.

Scene 2

In Katie's classroom, there is a buzz of chatter as parents and children are waiting for the class to begin. The teacher walks to the front and begins.

Teacher (big fake grin): Thank you all so much for coming to career day! Who would like to speak first?

A few hands go up, but one particularly over-exuberant volunteer grabs the most attention.

Teacher: Yes, Butch? You seem pretty excited. Go ahead with your dad.

A cop and his son strut up to the front of the class.

Butch: This is my dad. He's a police officer.

Cop (puffy chest): Hi, I'm Butch, Sr. He's Butch, Jr. I just call him Junior.

Butch drones on for a couple minutes about his daily routine. Katie raises her hand.

Butch: Yes, you have a question?

Katie: So you say you stop people from doing wrong things?

Butch (proud): That's right. That's part of my job.

Katie: Can you tell me what a wrong is?

Butch: Uh, well, it's complicated.

Teacher intervenes.

Teacher: Katie, dear, let the man finish his talk, ok?

Katie raises her hand again.

Butch: No, it's ok. Go ahead.

Katie: My mom and dad say it's not complicated. They say a wrong is an action that initiates harm to another.

Katie's dad blushes and grins.

Butch: Well, uh, I don't think we have time to really get into specifics.

Butch drones on for a couple more minutes, then others get called to the front.

KariBelle: This is my mom, MaryBelle. She's a doctor.

MaryBelle: I'm so happy to be here! I'm a pediatrician, actually, so I spend a lot of time with children.

Katie raises her hand.

Teacher (groaning): Katie, she hasn't even started yet. Can you please wait?

Katie (shrugs shoulders): I'm just so curious, I can't help it.

MaryBelle (smiling): It's ok, go ahead. What's your question?

Katie: Do you think vaccines are good?

MaryBelle: I always recommend getting vaccinated, of course.

Katie: Can you tell us what ingredients are in vaccines, please?

MaryBelle (blushing): Um, well, off the top of my head, I really don't know. There are so many!

Katie: Have you ever read the ingredients?

MaryBelle (sighs): Well, not really.

Katie: How do you know something is good to put in your body if you don't know what it is?

MaryBelle: Um, well, because experts approve them.

Katie: My mom and dad know that there are harmful chemicals and other stuff in vaccines, so I don't take them.

MaryBelle (grinding teeth): Ok, well, I didn't come today to talk about vaccines.

Katie: One of my friends got really sick last year from a vaccine.

Teacher intervenes angrily.

Teacher: Katie, that's quite enough of your harassment! I'm sorry, but you'll have to go to the principal's office at once!

Katie and her dad look at each other and shrug, then walk out.

Katie: Dad?

Dad: Yes, dear?

Katie: Are you really taking me to the principal's office?

Dad (chuckles): Of course not, dear.

Katie: Dad, did I do good?

Dad: No.....you did great! You questioned so-called authority, and disobeyed! I'm one proud papa!

## Episode 6

Katie is at the park with her mom and dad.

Katie: Happy Mother's Day, mom. I made this card for you myself! (hands her a big red heart-shaped card, made of construction paper)

Mom: Aw, that's great, dear! It's lovely. Very creative! I have a question for you, dear. Can you tell me what you care about most?

Katie: Yeah, I can. (pauses)

Dad starts laughing.

Katie: You asked if I could.

Dad: She gotcha!

Mom (giggling): Just because you can, doesn't mean you will! Very smart, dear. Ok, please tell me what you care about.

Katie: Well, I care about you, mom and dad.

Mom: That's great dear. But it's equally important to care about moral behavior and the liberty it brings.

Dad (looking far ahead): On that subject, I see some uniformed rights-violators on the other side of the park. We'd better go a different direction.

Katie: Why is that, dad?

Dad: Well, I try to avoid people who don't know or follow the non-aggression principle.

Katie: What's the non-aggression principle?

Mom: It's knowing that right behavior is to not initiate aggression against other people. That's how people need to act to be free.

Katie: And those guys in those uniforms are aggressive? Why?

Dad: Yes, that's right. They believe that it's ok to aggress against others, so they do.

Katie: That's silly. Why do they believe that?

Mom: Because they're under mind-control, dear.

Katie: Aw, that's sad. They should control their own minds.

Mom: That's right, dear. Katie, what else do you care about? Do you care about other people?

Katie: Oh yeah, I want other people to be free and happy.

Dad: That's great, dear. Do you know a word that describes the emotional feeling of care for other people?

Katie: No, can you tell me?

Dad: Yeah, I can tell you.

Katie: Well, go ahead.

Dad: You asked if I could. I didn't say I would. (chuckles)

Katie: It's not funny when you do it.

Mom (chuckling): I'll tell you, dear. The word is "empathy". It means you care about the well-being of others.

Katie: Oh, yeah, I have empathy then. Do those rights-violators in uniforms have empathy, mom?

Mom: Umm, well, usually not. If they do, they're under such mind-control that they actually believe their actions show empathy.

Katie: You mean, like their job is actually helping people?

Dad: Something like that, dear.

Katie: That's crazy!

Mom: Yes, dear.

Katie: So what do those people in the uniforms care about?

Mom: Well, they might say they care about others and about morals and liberty, but their actions show otherwise. You see, Katie, your actions show what you really care about.

Katie: So what do those rights-violators really care about?

Mom: Well, a lot of people care most about their paycheck.

Katie: A piece of paper!? That's crazy! Why would people care about that so much?

Dad: Another case of mind-control, dear.

Katie: Whoever invented mind-control must be the craziest one of all.

Mom (laughing): That's probably right, dear.

Dad (looking at rights violators in the distance): Oh, no, there are more rights-violators up ahead. Looks like trouble.

Katie (squinting to see): What are they doing, dad?

Dad: It looks like a boy is selling lemonade and the rights-violator is forcing him to stop.

Katie: Man, rights-violators don't even like lemonade?

Mom and dad laugh.

Katie: Let's get closer so I can say something to them.

Mom (deep breath, to husband): What do you think, dear?

Dad: Well, it's risky, physically, but it is the right thing to do spiritually, so.....

Mom: Your dad says yes, dear.

They start walking to the quickly closing lemonade stand. An unhappy boy and his mother are packing their wares into a truck, and the order-follower is watching with his arms folded.

Katie approaches, with mom and dad close behind.

Katie (hands on hips): There's nothing wrong with selling lemonade, silly.

Katie walks away, with parents flanking her from behind.

Katie: Did I do good, mom?

Mom: I'm so proud, dear. That was the best mother's day gift of all.

Episode 7

Scene 1

Katie is sitting on the couch with her mom.

Katie: Mom, I have a test tomorrow. Can you help me study?

Mom: Of course, dear.

Katie starts reading off a list of words she'll be quizzed on the following day.

Katie: So, the first word is president. You know, like that weird guy that's on TV all the time, with the angry, red face, and clown hair.

Mom: Yes, dear.

Katie: So what's a president exactly?

Mom: Well, dear, basically, it's a person who people believe has the right to boss millions of people around and take their stuff.

Katie: That's ridiculous. Why do people believe that?

Mom: Because they're under mind control, dear. You remember what mind control is, right?

Katie: Yeah, I remember. Ok, so the next word is king. What's a king?

Mom: A king is a person who people believe has the right to boss millions of people around and take their stuff.

Katie: So it's basically the same as a president?

Mom: Yes, dear. Except a king wears a ludicrous thing on his head called a crown. Same thing for a queen, except a queen is a female, of course.

Katie: Ok, I think I got it. The next word is law.

Mom: Well, dear, I think the word they're giving you at the behavior training center called school is actually man's law. They're not real laws. Real laws only exist in nature.

Katie: So what's man's law, then?

Dad walks into the room.

Mom: I'll hand this one off to your dad.

Dad: Man's law, huh? Man's laws are pretty much just words on paper that people believe they need to obey.

Katie: Do they need to obey them?

Dad: No, not at all.

Katie: Then why do they do it?

Dad: Because they're under mind control, dear.

Mom: Or they're afraid.

Katie: Afraid of what?

Dad: An order-follower with a badge using violence against them or taking their stuff.

Katie: Those darn order-followers again!

Mom: Yes, dear.

Katie (big sigh): Ok, the next word is Congressman.

Dad: Congressman is a fancy title for a clapping seal.

Katie giggles.

Mom (giggling): Oh, dear, stop it.

Dad: Congressmen are people who publicly approve the words on paper called man's laws.

Katie: Do they write the words?

Dad: Oh, no, dear. They just approve or disapprove. The people who actually put the words on paper usually try to hide.

All chuckle.

## Scene 2

Katie and her classmates have just started taking their tests. It's a word-definition matching quiz. Katie looks over the definitions carefully, shrugs, and approaches the teacher's desk.

Teacher (alarmed): You finished already, Katie?!

Katie: Yeah, I guess.

Teacher grabs the quiz.

Teacher: Katie, you haven't even started. You haven't answered one question!

Katie: That's because none of the definitions are right.



Teacher (scowling): What are you talking about?

Katie: Well, for example, president. It's someone who people imagine has the right to boss millions of people around and take their stuff.

Teacher: Who told you that?!

Katie: My mom.

Teacher: Well, that's not the definition we use in this classroom, young lady!

Katie: But it's the truth, so why not?

Teacher (sighs deeply): Do you want to mark answers on your test, or not?

Katie: I could write in the true meanings, how about that?

Teacher (annoyed): With the definitions provided! Choose a letter!

Katie: No, thanks. I don't want to lie.

Katie walks back to her seat while teacher fumes.

Scene 3

Mom: How did your test go today, dear?

Katie: I got a zero because I used the true meanings.

Mom: I'm sorry you got a zero, dear. But I'm sooooo happy that you defended the truth.

Episode 8

Scene 1

Katie has just woken up and greets her mom in the kitchen.

Mom: Good morning, Katie.

Katie (drowsy): Morning, mom.

Mom: Do you know what today is?

Katie: Tuesday?

Mom: Yes, that's right. But it's also a home day!

Katie (ecstatic): A home day! Hooray! I get to stay home from school!

Mom: That's right, dear. No indoctrination center today. It's the ninth and final one you're allowed this semester.

Katie: Why am I only allowed nine again?

Mom: So the authoritarian control freaks don't fail you and force you to redo the semester.

Katie: Ahhhh, right. I forgot.

Mom: So your dad already left for work, and I have to go soon. Do you have anything in particular you think you might do today?

Katie: I dunno. You know me, mom. I'll think of something.

Mom (warm smile): I know you will, dear.

Scene 2

Late in the afternoon, Katie's dad gets back to the house first.

Dad: Hey Katie!

Katie: Hi, Dad!

Dad: It was a home day, right?

Katie: Yep! Wanna hear what I did?

Dad: I can't wait!

Katie: I watched TV all day.

Dad: Ha ha, very funny.

Katie: You won't fall for that one again, huh?

Dad: Nope.

Katie (walks to the fridge, opens, and grabs pitcher) So I made some lemonade. Want some?

Dad: Sure!

Katie: How much?

Dad: That pitcher looks about the right size.

Katie (annoyed look): Dad.....

Mom walks in.

Katie: Mom, want some lemonade I made?

Mom: Sure, dear. But how did you make lemonade? I think we only had one lemon in the fridge.

Katie: I'm glad you asked. I built a spaceship and flew to a lemon grove.....Just kidding! So I saw we only had one lemon, but I really wanted to try this new lemonade recipe. (hands glass to dad)  
Can you tell the secret ingredient?

Dad (tasting): Hmmmm, I think it's garlic!

Katie: Dad! Get real!

Dad: Ok, not garlic. Must be cinnamon.

Katie: Yep! (hands glass to mom) So anyway, about the lemons. I went over to Mrs. Highhill's house to see if she had some lemons. So I made a deal with her to get some lemons.

Mom: What was the deal, dear?

Katie: I told her I'd give her a glass of lemonade and a bottle of natural, homemade shampoo.

Dad: But we don't have any shampoo like that, do we?

Katie: Well, we didn't, but ya see, I had seen instructions on how to make coconut shampoo online, so I figured I wanted to make it anyway, and then I'd just trade some of that for the lemons.

Mom: Quite the business sense you've got, dear.

Dad: So did you make the coconut shampoo?

Katie: Sheesh! Patience is a virtue, ya know. I'm getting to it.

Mom and dad chuckle.

Katie: So I had all the ingredients to make the shampoo, except for one. So I went to Mr. Blinger's house to see if he had any Castile soap to trade me.

Mom: And what did you trade?

Katie: Dad, you've gotta cut his grass this weekend.

Dad: What?!

Katie: Just kidding! No, I just told him what I needed it for, and he said he'd take a bottle of the shampoo as an even trade. Anyway, I made the shampoo.

Mom: How'd it turn out, dear?

Katie: Smell my hair!

Mom sniffs hair, face lights up.

Mom: That's wonderful, dear. I'll have to give that a try.

Katie: So I was thinking, maybe I could sell the shampoo. And I found a recipe for natural foot powder, too. Ya know, for feet like yours, dad, that itch a lot and smell funny.

Dad (sighing): Yes, dear.

Katie: And I can make that and sell that. I could do all sorts of natural products!

Mom: That's great, dear! Yes, you could do that here in the neighborhood. Anything more than that and we'd probably have to get a license.

Katie: Oh, brother. What's a license again?

Dad: It's a violently imposed permission slip from the government gang, remember?

Katie: Oh, sheesh! That's right, I remember. Well, I'll start out in the neighborhood and see how it goes.

Mom: That's a great idea, dear. I'm proud of you. Hopefully uniformed order-followers won't show up and ruin it.

Katie: It's ok, I'll be sure to do everything in stealth mode.

Dad: Stealth mode?

## Episode 9

Katie is going on a summer road trip with her mom and dad. They're about finished loading the car and ready to take off.

Dad: Ok, I think that about does it! Katie, are ya excited?

Katie (grinning ear to ear): Excited, all CAPS, locked and loaded!

Mom (giggling): Dear, where did you pick up that line?

Katie (bemused look): I made it up myself.

Dad: You remember where we're going?

Katie: One of the biggest holes in the ground on the planet! The Grand Canyon!

Mom: That's right, dear!

Dad: Ok, everybody in. Let's roll!

About an hour into the trip.....

Katie: Man, this road sure is bumpy. Who takes care of the roads?

Mom: Well, dear, the gang with fancy titles called government builds and maintains most of the roads.

Katie: Wow, they sure do a crumby job!

Dad: They sure do, Katie. That's what happens when there's a monopoly.

Katie: What's a monopoly?

Mom: It's when only one person or company controls access to goods or services.

Katie: That sounds ridiculous. Why does that gang with fancy titles have a monopoly on roads?

Dad: Great question, dear. The main reason that gang has a monopoly on roads is because they use violence to stop others from competing.

Katie (wrinkles nose): Ew, gross. More proof those people are nuts.

Katie spots some bumper stickers as they're passing a car.

Katie: Hmmm, that guy has two bumper stickers. One says "What Would Jesus Do" and the other says "U.S. ARMY". That's crazy!

Mom: Why do you say that, dear?

Katie: Cuz I'm pretty sure Jesus wouldn't join a violent gang.

Dad (laughing): Good observation, Katie. That poor person must be pretty confused.

Mom: Watch your speed, dear. We're coming up to a speed trap.

Dad: Thanks for reminding me.

Katie: A speed what?

Mom: Trap.

Katie: What's a speed trap?

Mom: Well, dear, there are certain places on roads where uniformed rights-violators called police will sit and hide in their little extortion-funded vehicles.

Katie: What's extortion again?

Dad: Theft by threat of violence.

Katie: Oh, right. Ok, so why do they sit there and hide?

Mom: So they can surprise people, chase after them, and extort them easier.

Katie: That's not fair!

Dad: No, and it's not right, either.

20 minutes later.....

Dad: Oh, sheesh.

Mom: What is it, dear?

Dad: Look up ahead.

There are uniformed road pirates blocking traffic and violating privacy. Traffic slows to a crawl.

Katie: Why are we slowing down?

Dad: There are some uniformed rights-violators up ahead blocking traffic and invading privacy.

Katie: Just floor it and go around 'em! It'll be fun!

Dad (agitated): Don't tempt me.

Mom: Calm down, dear.

They pull up to the checkpoint. Order-follower approaches driver window.

Order-follower: Where ya headed?

Katie (loud): I don't talk to strangers.  
Road pirate raises fuddled brow.

Road pirate: Uh, well, it's ok to talk to me. I'm a cop.

Katie: So? I still don't know you.

Road pirate (deep cringing sigh, looks at traffic backing up): Ok, move along.

They drive off.

Dad: I'm impressed, Katie.

Mom: Me, too, dear.

Katie (shrugs): I was just honest, that's all.

Dad: Which is a breath of fresh air in this society, let me tell ya. (glances at gas gauge) Oooo, better stop and top off the tank.

A few minutes later, he pulls into a gas station.

Dad: Aw, man, gas is so expensive here!

Katie: Why is gas so much more expensive in some places?

Mom: Well, dear, I don't know all the reasons. What I do know is that some mafias with fancy titles charge higher extortion fees on gas.

Katie: Like California?

Mom: Exactly.

The next day, they're approaching an entrance to The Grand Canyon.

Katie: Is it free to see the Grand Canyon?

Dad: Don't I wish.

Mom: No, dear, unfortunately not.

Katie: Why not?

Mom: Because the government gang forces people to pay, dear.

Katie: Whoa, that's wrong. What a gyp!

Mom (giggling): That's right, dear.

They pull up to the ticket window where they're greeted by a disinterested person in a costume.

Disinterested Person: That'll be 35 dollars.

Katie: Hey, did you build the canyon?

Disinterested Person: Certainly not.

Katie: Then why do we have to pay you to go in? It's not yours.

Disinterested Person: I just work here, kid.

Katie (sighs and shakes head): Typical. By the way, I'm not a baby goat, either.

Disinterested person gets confused look as dad pays the extortion fee. They drive in and look for parking.

Dad: Katie, I sure hope you keep your courage to tell it like it is when you get older.



## Episode 10

Katie's summer road trip with her parents continues.

## Scene 1

The family has just finished loading up the car and is about to take off from a hotel.

Dad: Wow, we really got taken to the cleaners on that one.

Katie: What do ya mean, dad?

Dad: It's an expression to say we got ripped off.

Katie: Oh. Why did we get ripped off?

Mom: Well, dear, you remember a type of theft called taxation?

Katie: Yep. What those crazy people that call themselves government do.

Mom: That's right, dear. Hotels often have very high theft rates.

Katie: Why is that?

Dad: Lots of places have multiple so-called taxes. For example, one might be for the gang called "state government". Another might be for a smaller mob called "city government". So sometimes you end up getting robbed 2 or 3 different times just for one night in a hotel.

Katie: Wow, that's insane!

Mom: That's right, dear.

An hour later, they're driving down a pleasant two-lane highway through a forest. Katie is looking at a map.

Katie: Mom and dad, I see a city on this map called Annapolis. Why is it named that?

Mom: I think it was named after Queen Anne. Do you remember what a queen is?

Katie: Yeah, I think so. A queen is a woman that's supported by extortion and thinks she has the right to boss other people around.

Mom: That's right, dear.

Katie: Oh, and she wears a silly thing on her head called a crown.

Dad: Yep.

Katie goes back to looking at the map.

Katie: Hey, that's weird. There's a town called Conway in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Who do you think that was named for?

Mom: I don't know, dear. (pulls out phone) I'll look it up on my behavior modification and tracking device.

Katie: Why do you call it that?

Dad: Well, dear, phones like that are used by the criminal mafia called government to spy on people and to change their behavior.

Mom: I found it. Conway was named for General Henry Seymour Conway.

Katie: What's a general?

Dad: A general is a fancy title given to an extortion-funded rights violator in a gang called the military.

Katie: Hmmm, what about Charleston, South Carolina? Named after some guy named Charles?

Mom: That's right, dear. I believe it was named for a psychopathic king of England named Charles.

Katie: Why are so many places named after rights-violators?

Dad: That's a great question dear. I suppose one major reason is that people have been trained to admire the people that suppress them.

Katie: Because most people are under mind control, right?

Mom: That's right, dear.

Katie looks out the window and smiles at the scenery.

Katie: It sure is pretty here.

Dad: Do you know what violently-controlled geographic area we're in?

Katie: Colorado, right?

Dad: That's right, dear. And you're also right about the beauty here. It's fantastic!

Katie: I think I heard somewhere that in Colorado plants have more rights. Is that true?

Mom and dad both chuckle.

Mom: You're on the right track, dear, but not exactly. Here in Colorado the violent government mob doesn't throw people in cages for having a plant called Cannabis.

Katie: You mean in other places people get thrown in cages for having a plant?

Dad: Yes, unfortunately.

Katie: That's crazy!

Mom: Yes, dear.

Katie: How can one thing be wrong in one place and right in another? That doesn't make sense.

Dad: Good observation, Katie. The truth is that rights are the same in all places. It's just that most people don't know that. You remember what a right is?

Katie: Yeah. It's any action that doesn't initiate harm to others.

Mom: Very good, dear.

Katie: I still don't get how so many people don't know that. It's so weird.

Dad: Because they're under mind-control.

Katie (sighs): Yeah, I know.

A while later, Katie is daydreaming and staring out the window.

Katie (excited): Hey, look up in the sky! What are those white stripes coming from those planes?

Mom: Well, dear, they could be what's called condensation trails, which are mostly water and ice crystals. They're common when planes fly in certain conditions.

Dad: Or they could be some other type of substance that's being sprayed in the sky for weather control purposes.

Mom: They could have some other purpose that we're unaware of.

Dad: That's right, but weather control is well known and has been around for decades, so it's probably the most likely explanation. But we won't know for sure if it's a condensation trail or something else for at least a couple of minutes.

Katie: Why is that?

Mom: Because condensation trails go away pretty fast. The longest they last is just a few minutes. If the trail stays in the air for a longer time, say 30 minutes or even hours, then it's for sure a different substance.

Katie: Couldn't they mess up the weather?

Dad: Of course, dear. The people doing that kind of stuff make mistakes. All people do.

An hour later, and a huge storm comes out of nowhere. They pull off the road to wait it out.

Katie: So do you think they messed up or was this their weather plan for today?

Dad (chuckling): Hard to say, dear, hard to say.

## Episode 11

Katie's summer road trip continues with her parents.

Katie: Are we almost there? I sure am hungry.

Mom: Yes, dear. Only a few more minutes and we'll be in a big city.

Katie: Why didn't we take the last exit? They had signs for food.

Dad: Good question, Katie. We didn't want to stop there because it looked like all of the options were fast food.

Mom: Or "fake food" as I like to call it.

Katie: Why do you call it "fake food"?

Mom: Because, dear, a lot of it isn't natural. It's made with all kinds of nasty chemicals that aren't healthy.

Dad: Yeah, we'll be able to find some restaurants that serve organic food in the city. I consider that one of the city's few favorable features.

Katie: Whoa, say that 3 times really fast! Good tongue twister, dad! So why did you say that about cities?

Dad: Because your mother and I don't like big cities. At least, not to live in.

Katie: Why not?

Mom: Well, dear, lots of reasons. When you live in a big city, you don't have much space.

Dad: Or peace and quiet. It's so loud.

Mom: But I think the worst part is, the bigger the city, the bigger the violent gang called government.

Dad: And wherever there's a big government gang, there are more violently enforced restrictions on freedom. And higher rates of extortion, too.

Mom: And the control freaks that are in the government mob love to have people in cities, because it makes the people easier to control.

Katie: Wow. So why do so many people live in cities?

Mom: Great question, dear. There are lots of reasons, and I don't claim to know them all. What I do know is that people are enticed to live in cities.

Katie: What does "entice" mean?

Mom: It means to tempt, or cause to feel desire. For example, if you see and smell apple pie, it might entice you to eat some.

Katie: Oh, I get it. So how are people enticed to live in cities?

Dad: One way is that movies and TV shows almost always take place in the city. They make it look hip to...

Mom interrupts.

Mom (giggling): Did you just say “hip” dear?

Dad: Yeah, so?

Katie: I thought hip was a body part.

Mom (sighing): It is, dear. But it has other meanings. In this case, what “hip” meant is popular or stylish.

Dad: Hip is a perfectly good word.

Mom: You’re right, dear. I’m sorry for interrupting.

Dad: That’s ok, dear. So anyway, people are persuaded through TV and movies that big cities are fun, exciting, and full of opportunity.

Mom: Which in some ways, they are. There are lots of interesting things to see and do in a city.

Dad: But at what cost?

Mom: Exactly.

Katie: What do you mean by that?

Mom: Well, dear, it’s very difficult, sometimes impossible, to be self-sufficient in a big city.

Dad: And there’s less freedom in big cities.

Katie: Less freedom! So people give up freedom so they can be entertained?

Mom: It’s not quite that simple, dear. But yes, that’s part of it. And they’re not consciously giving up freedom, dear. They don’t usually think about it because they’re under mind control.

Katie: There’s that pesky mind control again!

An hour later, and they’re getting into the outer edges of the city. Katie looks out the window and notices a sign with a strange message.

Katie: Hey, that sign said “speed limit photo enforced”. What does that mean?

Mom: Well, Katie, it means that if someone drives a vehicle faster than what a group of government gang members think is ok, then a machine will take a picture of the car and driver. Then a piece of paper will be sent to the car owner's house, demanding that they pay some violence-backed federal reserve notes to the government gang. If the person doesn't pay, then they'll face more serious consequences and threats from the government mob.

Katie: Violence-backed federal reserve notes are US dollars, right?

Mom: That's right, dear. So "speed photo enforcement" is another form of extortion the government gang commits.

An hour later, and they're getting into much thicker traffic and nearing downtown. A traffic light turns yellow just as they go through it. A machine on the side of the road flashes just as they get across to the other side of the intersection.

Katie: Hey, what was that flash?

Mom: Oh, dear.

Dad: Was that what I think it was?

Mom: If you think that was an electronic red light bandit for the government gang, then you're correct.

Katie: What's a red light bandit?

Mom: It's a machine like the one we talked about earlier, but for red lights instead. It helps the criminal syndicate called government steal dollars.

Dad: But it was yellow when we went through!

Mom: Yes, dear. I know. But the authoritarian mob called government doesn't care about the truth.

Dad (sighs): Well, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Maybe it didn't get us.

20 minutes later.....

Dad (flustered): This is another thing I don't like about big cities. Parking in the street can be a nightmare.

Mom (pointing, excited): There, dear! That car is leaving! You can take that spot!

Dad: Good eye, dear.

He pulls into a tight spot and they carefully maneuver themselves out of the car. Katie eyes the parking meter.

Katie: What's this funny looking thing?

Dad: That's called a parking meter. If we don't put violence-backed fraud coins in it, then a mind-controlled person from the government mafia will come and rob us.

Mom: Or steal our car.

Katie: Wow! That's nuts!

They walk into a sharp, gleaming restaurant called "Chez Veg" and are seated at a nice table by the window. After a few minutes, the waiter comes to take their order.

Katie: Hey, mister, how are you?

Waiter: Fine, thanks. And you?

Katie: I'm hungry.

Waiter: We'll see if we can remedy that.

Mom: Are all the ingredients in the papaya salad organic?

Waiter: All but the dressing.

Mom: There aren't any poisons in the dressing though, are there?

Waiter (gulps, flushes red): Uh, poisons?

Mom: You know, like high fructose corn syrup or some other artificial gunk like that.

Waiter: Oh, no, not at all. It's just that some of the oil and spices in the dressing aren't organic.

Mom: Ok, I'll have that, then.

Dad: I'll have the falafel wrap, please.

Katie: And I'll have the gluten free pasta, please.

After their meal, the waiter drops the bill off and mom has a look.

Mom: How much of a tip should we leave, dear?

Dad: The service was good. I say 20 percent.

Mom: That sounds good.

Katie: Do waiters get extorted?

Mom: Yes, dear. Nearly everyone gets extorted.

Katie: Well, if we leave him a cash tip, then how will the government gang extort him?



Mom: That's a good question, dear. I'm not sure.

The waiter comes to collect the payment.

Katie: Hey, mister, how much does the gang extort you for?

Waiter (gasps): Um, excuse me?

Katie: Ya know, the criminal gang called government. They extort you.

Waiter: I still don't follow.

Katie: Taxes. You do pay taxes, right, mister?

Waiter: Oh, oh, yes. I never thought of taxation as extortion before, but now I get it.

Katie: So if we give you a twenty dollar cash tip, how much will get extorted from you?

Waiter (peers around over shoulders): Well, we're supposed to claim all our tips at the end of our shift in the computer, but I don't claim the cash. (grins)

Katie: Hey, that's great mister! Way to dodge those thieves!

Waiter (raises quizzical brow, looks at parents): How old is she?

Parents smile happily and hand the waiter cash.

Dad: Keep the change.

Waiter: I will, sir. All of it.

## Episode 12

Katie's great summer road trip with her family continues.

Katie's mom is looking for parking at the beach.

Mom: Sheesh, it sure is crowded today. Is it a random Monday holiday catching us off guard?

Dad: Not that I'm aware of.

Katie: What do you mean by random Monday holiday?

Mom: You see, dear, there are holidays that are very well known and that everyone remembers, like Christmas or New Year's, but some holidays are much less well known and can surprise you sometimes.

Dad: Like Columbus Day. I accidentally went to the DMV on Columbus Day once.

Katie: What's Columbus Day for? Someone named Columbus?

Mom: Yes, dear. The day itself is to honor Columbus for "discovering America". That's how it is in the history books, anyway, but it's a lie. Others came to America long before Columbus. Anyway, Columbus came to the Americas and murdered, plundered, and enslaved people on behalf of different crazy people in Europe.

Katie: We shouldn't honor people like that.

Mom: I agree, dear.

Dad: Another random holiday is Presidents Day. That's when the gang with fancy titles called government gives the day off to their gang members in honor of their mafia head, the president.

Katie: So anyway, you said you went to the DMV on Columbus Day. What's the DMV?

Dad: That's part of the government gang that everyone has to pay to get permission to drive a car.

Katie: What happens if you don't pay or get permission?

Mom: Well, you could probably drive for a while with no problems, but eventually, a mind-controlled rights-violator with a badge would catch you. He'd threaten you and rob you and then try to force you to go to the DMV anyway.

Katie: Sounds pretty wacko, if ya ask me. (looks out window, gets excited) Hey mom, I see a parking spot!

Mom: You do?! Where?

Katie (pointing): Over there, on the left. Next to the guy shaking sand out of his hair!

Mom: That's a red curb, dear. I'm sorry, we can't park there. Nice of you to keep an eye out, though.

Katie: Why can't we park in red?

Dad: Because we'll get extorted by a rights-violator and maybe have our car stolen, too.

Katie (sighs): Ok, let's keep looking. (points out window again) Hey, what about over there!

Dad: Sorry, Katie. That's a yellow spot. No parking there, either.

Katie: Geez! Who decides these silly things?

Mom: The government gang, dear.

Katie: Geez! What a bunch of kooks.

Mom and dad chuckle.

Mom: That's right, dear.

Dad: Oh, there ya go! That car's pulling out!

Mom expertly wheels the car into a snug spot.

Mom: Like a glove!

They grab their stuff and start heading down the boardwalk, when Katie notices something.

Katie: Hey, this sign sure says a lot of stuff.

Mom: Go ahead and read it if you want, dear.

Katie: WARNING. No bottles or cans allowed on beach. No feeding birds. No camping or extended loitering. No bonfires. No dogs. No unauthorized food or beverage sales. Swim at your own risk. No fishing. Violators will be fined or jailed.....Who the heck put that silly sign up?

Dad: A mind-controlled member of the mob with fancy titles called government.

Katie: Jailed means thrown in a cage, right?

Mom: That's right, dear.

Katie: And fined means robbed, right?

Dad: Yes, dear.

Katie: So the mob with fancy titles robs people and throws people in cages for feeding birds? Or for camping? Or for any of that stuff?

Mom: I'm afraid so, dear.

Katie: Man, what a crock!

Dad (chuckling): That's one way to say it. But enough of that, let's hit the beach!  
A while later, and they're strolling along the water's edge, searching for seashells. Katie finds a gorgeous one with purple sparkles. Her face lights up.

Katie: Oh, it's so, so pretty! Can I keep it, please?

Dad: I don't see why not, dear.

Mom (looking off in the distance): Oh, dear. Look up ahead. There's an order-follower violating someone's rights.

Katie: Can we go get a closer look?

Mom and dad look at each other and shrug.

Mom: Sure, dear.

They walk up to the scene and find two rights-violators in uniforms harassing an old man who appears to be selling seashell necklaces and bracelets.

Rights-violator: How many times do we have to tell you, ya can't sell your goods here.

Old Man: And how many times do I have to get harassed by you before you leave me alone?

Rights-violator 2 (snickers): Watch your lip, old man. (rips off ticket from pad) Here's another ticket. If ya don't pay up soon, we're gonna have to haul you in.

Katie sneaks up behind them.

Katie: Hey, mister, what does "haul you in" mean?

Rights-violator (arms crossed, attitude): Mind your own business, kid.

Katie: Does it mean throw him in a cage?

Both rights-violators give disgusted look downward at Katie.

Rights-violator 2 (looks at Katie's mom and dad): You should teach your kid some manners.

Mom and dad are now both flanking Katie.

Dad (patting Katie on back): I think she does just fine (big grin).

Rights-violator: Yeah, well, just doin' my job.

Katie (shaking head): What a tragedy.

Rights-violators growl and walk off.

Old man: Thanks. You're a brave little girl.

Katie: Don't mention it.

Mom (eyeing the jewelry): Well, at least they didn't steal your merchandise.

Old man: Yeah, I've got that going for me, I guess.

Dad: Are you going to pay the extortion?

Old man: The what?

Dad: The fine.

Old man: Oh, oh, right. Extortion, ya say. That seems more like it, I guess, now that I think about it. Anyway, no, I can't afford to pay their ridiculous hundred dollar fines. I'll get hauled off in a few weeks, then they'll let me go, and the whole cycle will start over again. I've been doing this for years.

Katie: Gee, mister, that's no good. Why is that?

Old man: Well, I'm homeless, ya see. Have been for years. I used to have a little souvenir shop here on the beach, but then the taxes got too much, those crooks crashed the economy, and I went belly up. I've been doing this ever since.

Katie: If we'd buy some of your jewelry, that would help you out, right?

Old man: More than you can imagine.

Katie: Just don't let those rights-violators steal it, ok?

Old man: Who?

Dad: Cops.

Old man: Oh, right. No, I'll do my best to avoid those guys.

Katie (to mom and dad): So, how about it? Can we buy some of his stuff?

Mom and dad look at each other and share the "yes" glance.

Mom: Sure thing, dear.

Dad: How much for it all?

Old man (startled): Aw, gee, I dunno. I've never been asked that before. Maybe a hundred dollars?

Dad: I suppose we can handle that. A hundred violence backed federal reserve notes, coming right up.

Pulls crisp 100 from pocket, hands it to old man. Old man hands shoebox-sized chest of seashell jewelry to Katie.

Katie: Thanks, mister. I hope your luck changes soon.

Old man: Thanks to you, it already has.

## Episode 13

## Scene 1

Katie is sitting at the dining room table with her mom and dad.

Katie: Mom and dad, do I have to go back to school this year?

Mom (sighs): I'm sorry, dear, but yes.

Katie: Why can't I be home educated?

Mom: Your father and I would love to do that, dear, but we work too much and don't have the means to do it just yet.

Dad: The good news is that we think it'll happen next year!

Katie: Really?

Mom: Yes, dear. But in the meantime, you'll go back for one more year. Who knows, maybe things will go so well that you can stop after one semester.

Katie (excited): Even better!

Dad: So what do you need to do to prepare for going back to the extortion-funded obedience training center?

Katie: Well, I could use some new clothes. Are we going to Hemp Threads?!

Mom (content smile): Yes, dear. I was thinking we could do that tomorrow. We'll get you some clothes made of hemp fabric.

Katie: Why do we shop at Hemp Threads again?

Dad: Lots of reasons, dear. For one thing, it's local and family owned. Another thing is the quality. Their stuff is wayyyyyyyyy better than the cheap garbage you get at one of the big corporate stores.

Mom: And they don't use slave labor like some other clothes manufacturers.

Katie: Wow! So why do so many people still buy stuff from those big corporate places?

Dad: Well, each person has their reasons, but a lot of people do it either out of ignorance or because they just don't care.

Katie (rolls eyes, shakes head): Sheesh.....So, I have a question. My friend Jane said that I have to get a vaccine before I go to school. Is that true?

Mom: Katie, dear, the authoritarian control freaks calling themselves government force people who go to school to get injected with chemical cocktails called vaccines. Yes, that's true. But....

Dad: We get you an exemption every year.

Katie: What's an exemption?

Dad: Basically, a way to avoid something.

Katie: Why do they force people to get vaccines?

Mom: Because they're under mind control, dear.

Katie: And why don't more people get exemptions? Or just say no?

Dad: Same reason. Mind control. So what else do you need for school?

Katie: Hmmm, probably pens, pencils, paper, notebooks, a 3D printer, rulers...

Mom interrupts.

Mom: Hold on a sec. 3D printer?

Dad: Pretty sneaky.

Katie: Ok, ok, I don't need a 3D printer for the indoctrination center, but I really want one!

Mom: It would be fun.

Dad: And educational.

Mom: And useful.

Katie: Does that mean yes?

Mom: I suppose, dear.

## Scene 2

Katie and her mom just finished shopping at the Hemp Threads store. On their way back to the car, Katie notices a big banner sign advertising flu shots across the street at a pharmacy.

Katie: Hey, mom. Look at that big banner with red letters! They sure want people to take flu shots, huh?

Mom: Yes, dear.

Katie: Why is that, mom?

Mom: Because flu shots harm people, and that makes them easier to control.

Katie: That's crazy! Who the heck would wanna do that?



Mom: The psychopaths in the ruling class, dear. People we'll never meet face to face.

They toss a couple bags of stuff in the trunk.

Katie: So what's in vaccines, anyway?

They get in the car.

Mom: Well, dear, it depends on the vaccine. But some common ingredients are heavy metals, fetal cells, and chemicals that are bad for health.

Katie: Fetal cells?

Mom (starts the car): Yes, dear. They use cells from dead babies in some vaccines.

Katie (gasps): Ew! Ok, ok, that's TMI for right now!

Mom: I understand, dear.

Katie: Do all the doctors and nurses know the ingredients they're putting in people?

Mom: Oh, no, dear. They don't.

Katie: Why not?

Mom (starts to back car up): Various reasons. Some just don't ask questions, or don't care.

Katie: Wait! I've got an idea. Can you stop the car, please?

Mom: Ok, dear.

Katie: Let's go over to that pharmacy and see if they know the ingredients of vaccines!

Mom: Like a pop quiz?

Katie: Yeah, that sounds good.

Mom: Ok, dear. This should be interesting.

They walk across to the pharmacy and approach a staff member.

Katie: Hello.

Staff 1: Hi! How are you?

Katie: I'm curious.

Staff 1: Well, that's good. Curious about what?

Katie: I saw your sign outside about the flu shot.

Staff 1: You're curious about the shot or the sign?

Katie: I'm curious if you could tell me the ingredients of the flu shot.

Staff 1 (turns pale): Uh, hmmm, I don't know off the top of my head, but let me get someone who might. Will you both follow me?

They walk to the back to speak with the pharmacist.

Staff 1: Hey, this curious young lady would like to know what's in the flu shot.

Pharmacist: Hmmm, can't say I know.

Katie: Do you recommend to get it?

Pharmacist: Yeah, I think so.

Katie: Did you get it?

Pharmacist: Uh, well, not yet.

Katie: Wouldn't it be a good idea to know what the ingredients are before putting it in your body?

Pharmacist (awkward nod): Noted.

Mom: Perhaps there's a manufacturer's insert in the vaccine packaging that lists the ingredients?

Pharmacist: There is. I'll grab one for ya.

Pharmacist leaves and comes back with tiny paper and even tinier print. Hands paper to Katie.  
Katie hands it back.

Katie: Maybe just read it out loud?

Pharmacist: Ok, squalene...

Katie interrupts.

Katie: What's squalene?

Pharmacist: Uh, not really sure.

Katie: Tell ya what, I've got a super idea!

Pharmacist: I love super ideas. Lay it on me.

Katie: Make a big banner with vaccine ingredients and hang it outside next to the other banner!

Pharmacist: Funny, kid, but I'm pretty sure we can't do that.

Katie (shrugs, sighs): That's too bad. Anyway, thanks for talking to us. Have a good day.

Pharmacist: Sure, kid, you too.

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